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1916

Wintergreen

Marvin Manan Sherrick

Class PS3537

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WINTERGREEN

BY

MARVIN MANAM SHERRICK

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WINTERGREEN

Under the forest's winter snows,
The squirrel seeks for a nut or seed;
And nibbling, perchance, at a root or weed,
Uncovers the green which the woodsman knows.

Thus, under the frosts of year on year
Which cover heads and beards with snow,
The emblems of a new youth grow—
The wintergreen of hope and cheer.

PRESENTATION

(To M— with a volume of Longfellow.)

To thee, my love, to thee,
Turn my affections at this Christmas tide—
The floodtide of the year, so far and wide,
Sweeping upon us from—we know not where—
A thousand treasures which with childish care
We gather to our hearts before
The tide shall ebb, and ebbing come no more.

What shall it bring to thee?
Affection's offering—far too small a prize—
A wealth of poesy, which, from the skies
Was showered upon the earth in days gone by,
Inspiring men to live, and love, and die,
Is hidden in this volume. Let it be
The pledge of an eternal love to thee.

ADRIFT

Adrift! And in so frail a thing,
Farther and farther out upon the sea—
An open boat—no shelter over me,
Unless the "shadow of His wing"
An awning be.

Adrift! In vain I raise alarm,
And cry for peace upon this raging sea,
Unless He reaffirm the old decree
That stayed proud waves and saved from harm
On Galilee.

AT EVENTIDE

At eventide when you and I
Shall hold each other in embrace,
And look into each other's face
But dare not speak the word "Goodbye";
When one shall break these prison bars
And one must dimly grope and wait
And lift the latch of Duty's gate
And one shall go beyond the stars;
O Friend, O Love, shall word or deed
Come from a long-forgotten past
And darkening veil between us cast—
The fruitage of an old-time greed—
Or shall the eye be clear and bright,
Shall trust unbroken still abide
As in embrace we say "Goodnight"
At eventide, at eventide?

A WISH

O, dearest, it were passing sweet
To walk along life's lane together,
And pluck the flowers at our feet,
While skies are bright in sunny weather.

But, sweetheart, it were lovelier far,
To walk along life's lane together,
While not a solitary star
Dispelled the drear, foreboding weather.

For then the garden of the heart
Would yield what nature must deny—
Immortal blossoms that impart
Love, which alone can never die.

ODE TO THE CLOSING YEAR

The day is dark, while o'er and o'er,
I con a lesson of the years,
Whose speeding cycles evermore
Revive alternate hopes and fears.

Old year, we love thee for thyself;
For the full fruitage thou hast brought,
For riches which are more than pelf—
The gracious deed, the noble thought.

We love thee for the hopes of spring—
Thy resurrection morn when all
The cerements broke, and everything
Awoke in answer to thy call.

We bless thee for the summer days
That waxed and waned o'er freemen's soil,
When all the bright eternal ways
Were open to the sons of toil.

And now beneath thy naked boughs,
We walk along thy withered leaves,
And listen to thy wind which like
A wandering spirit broods and grieves.

The birds of passage all have flown
To warmer climes and summer skies,
While in the woodland's depth alone
Is heard the lone crow's wanton cries.

Old Year, that passing from our sight
Dost leave us in uncertain gloom,
And wrapping round us deep and white
The virgin raiment of the tomb,

Say, wilt thou at some future day,
Beyond the bound of sense and pain,
With garlands of the spring array
Thyself, and come to us again?

Our hearts are burdened and distressed,
To hear the hurrying of thy feet,
And see thee passing to thy rest—
A whirling storm thy winding sheet.

Old Year, with bowed and reverent head,
We stand amid the gathering gloom
That shrouds the hallways of the dead,
And bless thee passing to the tomb.

And didst thou sever mutual ties,
Thou too hast reunited friends
Where sacred friendship never dies,
Where hallowed service never ends.

We toiled with thee from strength to strength,
And learned the way from faith to faith;
Thrice conquering sin, we feel at length
That we shall triumph over death.

Old Year, with bowed and reverent head
We stand amid the gathering gloom
That shrouds the hallways of the dead,
And watch thee passing to the tomb.

TO DEPARTING WINTER

Thy end is nigh, stern winter,
Thy power is no more;
Thy enemy is at the door
Which opens to her joyous call.
The winds, within the forest grove,
Are low and sweet. 'Tis whispered love
Which calls to life the bud and flower,
And breathes a benison of hope o'er all—
The foretaste of the coming harvest hour.

These are her signs, stern winter,
Thou must relent and die;
Still it is beautiful to lie
Embalmed in zephyrs of the spring.
Yea, o'er thy lovely couch shall bloom
Her flowers. O'er thy grass-green tomb
The low sweet dirge shall in the willow tree.
Be chanted by the south wind. Sweet shall sing
The birds. O grand thy death shall be.

Farewell! Farewell! stern winter;
We gladly bid thee go,
With thy chill winds and sleet and snow,
Thy leafless boughs, thy meadows bleak and sere.
Still thou hast been a friend. Thy part
Has well been played, and in the heart
Of spring may yet be sought and found—
In warm and fruitful showers—a tear
For thee, as it bedews the ground.

THE BIRTHDAY

Wee toddler! One year old to-day,
You measure growth by father's knee.
Your life a riddle, who can guess
What future measurements may be.
That form now slight, may never fill
The armchair—there your mother smiled—
Which I, your papa, 'gainst my will
Have found I could not fill, my child.
And yet when year shall roll on year,
And we, computing not by knee
Nor yet by old armchair, I fear,
There'll be no chance for ma and me.

When mind shall measure, I am loth
To think what changes may be then—
You will be parent to us both
And we will take your place again.

THAT BABY

"Why is my hair strung up in knots?"
You never could have guessed it,
Look on my shirt—d'ye see those spots?
There baby's fingers pressed it.
'Twas she who rumpled up my hair—
What father could forbid it!
His friends will only smile, nor care
If romping baby did it.

Perhaps I wish to leave the house;
All heaped up in a corner
I find a quiet little mouse
Like erstwhile Jackie Horner;
Then papa says, "Where is my hat?
I wonder who has hid it?"
I find her sitting on it flat.
But then—the baby did it.

The cunning elf with wonder eyes
May sometimes break the letter,
'Twill really be a sad surprise
When age shall teach her better.
Then let the baby have her way,
Her pleasure—why forbid it?
You may be proud that you can say—
"My little baby did it."

ASPIRATION

Star of the East, to thee we turn
Our longing eyes when sunbeams fade;
While musing hearts within us burn
To see thee on thy throne arrayed.

Inspiring? Yes, at that far height,
Who does not wish to dwell with thee,
And struggling upward thro' the night,
Bow at thy shrine on reverent knee?

May every eastward glance disclose
"An Orient"—glowing with thy ray,
A prestige of an end of woes,
The harbinger of coming day.

THE HOLY LAND

Where is the holy land?
Is it beneath the skies of Greece,
Where names are linked with every pile
That meets the student's eye, the while
Those old-time sirens do not cease
To court with wanton tongue and smile?
Is this the holy land?

Where is the holy land?
Is it where Rome her pillars rears,
Where sculptors feel the touch of art,
Where not a shrine but can impart
The mystic sanctity of years
Which overawes the human heart?
Is this the holy land?

Where is the holy land?
Is it where Judah's temple rose,
Where patriarchal altars stood,
And where from royal brotherhood
The prince of life came to depose
The tainted monster of the blood?
Is this the holy land?

Where is the holy land?
What clime where poets have not sung,
Where love's sweet tryst was never kept,
Where widows have not knelt and wept,
As o'er them battle trumpets rung
And 'neath them lifeless warriors slept?
Is such the holy land?

Where is the holy land?
    If warfare is a sacrilege
And dims the lights that erstwhile shone,
If love and song cannot atone
    Or plead reprieve for broken pledge,
Or ban the reaping states have sown?
Where is the holy land?

Where is the holy land?
    There, humble soul, where in distress
You plead the merits of a name
Throughout earth's changes aye the same;
    There where you feel the blessedness
Of heavenly love's divinest flame;
    This is the holy land.

QUESTIONINGS

The day has lost itself in night;
  Within my room the shadows fall;
  The street lamp's gleam upon the wall
Grows momentarily more bright.

The deeper grows the silent night,
  The louder speaks a voice within,
  Tho' fettered by the chains of sin,
And calls for freedom as its right.

The brooding slave amid the glare
  And open conflict of the day,
  Is silent till he kneels to pray
At midnight, in his deep despair.

Is it the darkness? who may know;
  Is it the silence? who can tell;
  That makes the light more visible—
That wakes the deeper voice below.

The miller starts up from his sleep
  When all at once the millwheel's roar
  Has ceased, and waters rush no more
From out the flume into the deep.

Is life more full in pain and mirth
  As we approach the realms afar—
  The nearer to an outpost star,
The utmost limit from the earth?

Or is the real life in me—
  The ego, mystery thrice occult,
  And pregnant with the grand result
Of future cycles yet to be?

And does the night but turn to day,
  When street lamps dimly flare and burn,
  When silence greets at every turn,
The man immortal wrapped in clay?

Does nature trick or use deceit
  In hiding friends within our foes,
  And changing but the terms, disclose
In darkness, light; in bitter, sweet?

CARMEN

I.

The days will go by and the years pass away,
But our hearts shall all changes defy,
And in fancy we'll meet as we meet here to-day
To bid our old college good-bye.
O, affection is strong, and in hearts that are tried
Devotion will never grow old,
And the love of our school days shall ever abide
Till the sum of life's duty is told.
And the love of our school days shall ever abide
Till the sum of life's duty is told.

II.

How constant is friendship, that vine of the heart,
How remembered a glance of the eye;
The friendship of comrades but meeting to part,
The glance and lingering good-bye.
O, these dear college walls will in memory rise,
And classmates shall pass in review,
While the song of life's labor is mingled with sighs
As we turn in our longing to you.
O, a new hope shall bear up our song to the skies,
When we rest on this friendship so true.

AT THE FORD—Eccl. 12:4

There is death 'neath the roof by the clear, winding
stream
That murmurs with unceasing flow,
And life glides away like the shade of a dream,
For "the sound of the grinding is low."

No voices of childhood in boisterous mirth,
No patter of feet to and fro;
For a mortal is passing the way of the earth,
And "the sound of the grinding is low."

The marsh-hen leads forth through the rushes her
brood,
And the bittern stalks cautious and slow;
All nature's true songs on the quiet intrude,
But "the sound of the grinding is low."

No hand on the hopper, no hand on the sack;
No rush of the flume down below;
For life has reversed and is fast flowing back,
While "the sound of the grinding is low."

The willows bend low o'er that murmuring stream
Where the trout like a flash come and go;
While life glides away like the shade of a dream,
And "the sound of the grinding is low."

The house-dog lies resting his jaws on his feet,
Where the sun in descending doth glow,
And the afternoon wanes while all nature is sweet,
But "the sound of the grinding is low."

No more shall he "rise at the voice of the bird,"
When the east with the moon is aglow;
No more, when "the daughters of music" are heard—
For "the sound of the grinding is low."

PETE—A DEESTRICT IDYL

"Ole Rover was the fines' dawg
That ever run a race,
His eye so bright,"—a sidelong glance
Up to the teacher's face.

"His foot so fleet," the teacher said,
While strangers held their breath.
"His foot so fleet"—a gasp—from red
He turned as pale as death.

"Ole Rover"—then his bright eye fell;
The tears coursed down his cheek,
And Pete, high mettled as he was,
"Broke down" and couldn't "speak."

* * * * * *

"Who is that man?" I asked a friend,
"With learning so replete,
Who made that after-dinner speech?"
"Why! that was little Pete."

THE PRODIGAL

"Give me my portion," cried a youth one day,
With glad hope in his eye, pride in his breast,
Tossing the curls his mother loved, away,
Back from the brow her lips so oft had pressed.

Down the long lane in uncurbed haste he strode
Nor looked behind him where the rooftrees rise.
The orchard gained—then on the winding road
He passed from sight of love and streaming eyes.

Out, out into the great world's mighty stream
Where meet the elements of all the raging years,
And surge resistless as a midnight dream
That breaks a heart or bathes a couch with tears.

Far, far he wandered from his father's lands,
In vain he grasped for golden circlets bright.
They changed to iron fetters for his hands—
The daily chaplet was a scourge by night.

At last a meteor flash of inborn pride
Shone bright above that hour, and to his eye
Revealed a thousand demons at his side;
They meteor-like receded from the sky.

An angel form bent over him in love,
With heaving breast and tear-dimmed, pitying eye
Gave him the message from the court above
And, blessing him, ascended to the sky.

"I will arise," he said, and with a bound
He stood, a man whose broken shackles lay.
Him fleeing shadows marked the coming day.

And with that day what splendor filled his soul!
His life renewed—his former sins forgiven—
With joy entrancing, far beyond control
He lost himself in that bless'd hope of heaven.

Once more he breathed the meadow-scented air
That whispered in the trees about his home,
Once more the myriad ties of youth so fair
Drew close around his heart and whispered,
"Come."

He goes. The yearnings of that wayward heart
Cannot be stifled by the false alarms
That make a slave, when once the fetters part.
He goes, and finds his *all* in loving arms.

We all are prodigals, and fondly chase
Our circling phantoms, in secluded rounds
Within the limits of terrestrial space—
Time's middle march between celestial bounds.

Why thus an exile from nativity—
The soul's first boundless and eternal day?
Arise, for worlds untrodden wait for thee,
Cast off thy bonds and, rising, lead the way.

Beyond the limits dimly seen in dreams,
To newer realms of thought and mines of truth
Untouched as yet,—where other sunlight beams
Upon the circle of immortal youth.

Behold what glowing splendors charm the eye—
The glories of that home unlimited,
Where kings may live and, living, shall not die,
Where Love beclouded mourns not for her dead.

AN OCTOBER LEAF

Eerie the winds, and October,
Gorgeous and brief,
Brings to the shock the ripe corn
And tinges the autumn leaf.

Colors by wayside and hillside
Brighten the day,
Golden-rod, maple and thorn—
Indian Summer's bouquet.

Shorter the days, and October,
Sly as a thief,
Steals in our musing regret
And toys with the dying leaf.

Only an Autumn leaflet,
Silver and gold;
Streaked with the sunset's glow,
Rich with a wealth untold.

Murmurs of summer musings
Linger to bless;
Death chilled the chords of thy harp,
But death is thy loveliness.

Summer of life, yield us gently
Blessings, the while
Out of thy sky we are strengthened
To meet the frost king with a smile.

Spirit of good hover near us.
    We would unfold
Like to the leaf, which in autumn
    Turns into brightness and gold.

Eerie the winds, and October,
    Gorgeous but brief,
Ripens the corn in the shock,
  And pencils the autumn leaf.

THE MAIDEN SLEEPS—Matt. 9:24

[*Translated from the German of Paul Gerok.*]

Your daughter sleeps; O parents, do not weep,
Nor envy her sweet rest;
Those peaceful features rose-decked in her sleep
Speak forth a last bequest:
A charming pleasure round grants me release,
I lie and sleep, and sleeping, lie in peace.
Your loved one sleeps.

Your loved one sleeps; just tired out with play
And lost to joyousness.
The doll held in her arms in fine array,
The pretty Sunday dress,
The little book for her a pious thrall,
Her treasures and her toys forgotten, all,
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps; her life's day void of gloom
And light her earthly woes,
A little brook that through a field abloom
In crystal eddies flows.
No sorrow pierced her tender heart, nor pain;
The battle o'er, eternal life her gain,
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps; how sweet to rest within
Her loving Shepherd's arm,
As yet heart-free from guile and venomed sin
She passing, knew no harm.
A faultless soul, a conscience undefiled
Make but a downy deathbed for a child;
The maiden sleeps.

Your darling sleeps; of earthly ill and care
Unconscious in her shroud.
And dost thou know, O mother, what despair
Hath threatened long and loud?
No, let inclement winter storm and rave,
Let summer's heat immerse with sultry wave,
Your darling sleeps.

The maiden sleeps; she passes one short night
Reposing silently;
O when she once shall rise from slumber bright,
A glorious morn 'twill be!
He who once graced the Jewish ruler's room
Will, likewise, also disenthrone your gloom;
The maiden sleeps.

Your darling sleeps; and now the last fond kiss
Upon those lips so pure.
O, mother heart, be quiet, God wills this,
God help thee to endure!
Ye, children, follow with a chorus sweet
The little sister to her last retreat;
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps; now, Shepherd, to thy breast
Take her, ne'er to return.
Ye stars, that shine from regions of the blest,
Guard well her holy urn.
Ye winds, move gently on light wings around,
This consecrated, flower-encircled mound;
The maiden sleeps.

TWO AGES

O Age of Darkness, Age of Death
When minds were doomed to slavery,
And withered at a papal breath;
When men could feel, but could not see.

O Age of Splendor, Age of Death,
(Armenia quivering on the steel,
And withering at the Moslem's breath)
When men can see, but cannot feel.

SAINT VRAIN

I.

A winding tunnel, then a mountain side,
A glimpse of towers from the rumbling train,
A breath of morn from windows opened wide,
The brakeman's monotone, "Saint Vrain! Saint Vrain!"

II.

The vision passed. Melodious, undefined,
Like summer wind or gentle summer rain
That freshens memories long since left behind,
So years recede before that word, "Saint Vrain."

III.

Like snow-white mist that wreathes the mountain's brow,
And rests so lightly on the lower plain,
The spirit of those days comes o'er me now
As, musing, I repeat, "Saint Vrain, Saint Vrain."

IV.

Again Virginia's mountains rise to view,
And songs of love return with sweet refrain;
Once more dear, trembling lips bid me adieu;
O, magic word of words, "Saint Vrain! Saint Vrain!"

THE CAMP

I.

You have your will, O spirit wild
Of the bearded forest, old and grey,
You may steal my senses quite away,
You may fondle me as an only child;
While my coltish comrades laugh and cheer
We will whisper secrets, lip to ear.
They will not know that the smile and zest
With which I turn to the campfire bright,
And compose myself for a dreamy night,
Is caused by else than their joke and jest.

II.

The fire burns low and the tales are told
Of woodcraft marvels and hunters bold;
And songs are sung that have started tears
From youthful eyes for these thousand years—
The songs of love that are born in fears.
Then a quiet reigns, save the lightfoot-fall
Of woodland sprites, and the mystic call
Of nature's voices, each to all.

III.

On my back by the wildwood creek I lie
And the stars go out in my slumbrous eye;
Low toward the west shifts the crescent moon;
The swish of waters, the cry of loon
Mingle in dreams that as fleecy are
As the fleeciest cloud beneath a star.
And as indistinct as that star is seen,
So the vision of love fills the heart serene.

IV.

The Hours have opened the gates of day,
The birds in their singing forget to pray.
And an ingrate, I offer sacrifice
For which you, Nature, pay the price.
And from your fragrant altar there
O shaggy, unkempt, woodland god—
But I see you assent with an awkward nod—
The hungry boys steal the lion's share.

V.

The Hours have opened the gates of day;
A wildwood altar, O ashes gray,
With gun and comrades I haste away.

PROMETHEUS

(FORETHOUGHT)

When portents of a shattered, ruined state
First glowed upon the dim horizon's verge;
And waves of tumult rose, and surge on surge
Beat round home altars with impassioned hate,
When silent, did our country fear and wait,
Then on the brows of statesmen Forethought stood
And quickly marshalled one vast brotherhood
To smite the whelps of Discord ere too late,
To stay oncoming billows in their rage,
To quench the threatening flame's devouring
strength,
To plant a tree of state. From age to age
That tree has put forth branches, till at length
Within its shadow peaceful altars rise
And incense, from those altars, reach the skies.

EPIMETHEUS

(AFTERTHOUGHT)

As when some shepherd sees a dead lamb lie
Torn by a wild wolf's fierce and jagged fang,
And then remembers in his dream there rang
The gnash of teeth, the hungry snarl, the cry
Most piteous; and now the unclosed eye,
And open wounds rebuke him for neglect,
Him who was strengthened that he might protect;
Now Afterthought will chide him till he die.
So, too, the nations hear as in a dream
The snarl of Moslem wolves, and the appeal,
And through our nightmare flows a crimson stream
That can but terrify where men can feel.
How waking, will we beat our breasts and groan
That in the night Armenia died alone.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-HYMN

[*Translated from the German of Goethe.*]

Thou who from the heaven art,
Every pain and sorrow healest;
Thou, who to each careworn heart
Two-fold grace for sin revealest;
Weary I, and seek release!
What is all this sad unrest? Sweetest Peace,
Come, O come unto my breast.

CLASS POEM, '96

(Coe College)

I.

Dear friends, for whom these fleeting days
Are crying with a deep regret,
Who sees the bounds around us set
That force us from accustomed ways.

II.

For you these simple lines I trace,
To you this tribute shall be paid,
Your blessing on my life is laid,
I would repay it grace for grace.

III.

Like some staunch ship with sails unfurled
That lifts her anchor with the tide,
And turns upon the ocean wide
To plow a furrow round the world;

IV.

So, in this haven long beloved
Secured from tempests yet to be,
We hear the voices of the sea,
We listen and are strangely moved.

V.

Or, as the bird of passage sings
His farewell song at evening time,
And rests where well-known voices chime,
To pass with dawn on stronger wings,

VI.

So, in this room, with memories rife,
We hear the mystic flutterings
Of unseen, but unpinioned wings,
About to bear us into life.

VII.

Within this room—these chapel walls—
Where mingled song and prayer and praise,
We meet the spirits of all days
Since first we knew these college halls.

VIII.

Here waiting Father Time's attack,
Which cleaves the college roof-tree through
And shows us glimpses of the blue,
And clouds distorted on the rack;

IX.

Or as a prisoner, with a frown,
Might hear the key turn in the lock,
While hope and fear thrills in the shock,
He knows not, be it lash or crown;

X.

So will we pass, our course begun,
Exchanging labors if we must;
Our motto this: "In God we trust,"
Our practice: "Let Thy will be done."

XI.

I would that I might bear some part
Of worth and duty in this age,
And write a word, not on the page,
But on the tablet of the heart.

XII.

Some noble word, not from the head,
But with an impulse all its own
To strike some tyrant from a throne,
And place a virtue in his stead.

XIII.

My class-mates, meeting face to face,
Each lovely in the regal dress
Of purity's own loveliness,
And each a minister of grace;

XIV.

Take from a servant of the Lord,
Your Lord and mine, this tribute given,
And may the highest heights of heaven
Be your exceeding great reward.

I.

To-day breaks forth the morning light
For countless thousands, while the night
For others spreads its shades around.
Life's morning dews fresh strength impart,
To many a strong and noble heart,
As many rise, while more depart
To sleep in consecrated ground.

II.

Sacred among the sons of men
The warrior of the tongue and pen,
When girded with the spirit's power,
Stands firm upon the Rock, below
Which years and ages come and go,
And mighty forces ebb and flow
And thundering tempests darkly lower.

III.

Dispenser of the food of heaven;
Giver of that to thee is given.
Building a temple from a clod,
Founding the nether pillars deep,
Raising the dome and turret steep
To heights where angel wardens keep
The holy oracles of God.

IV.

Thy feet are straying on the strand—
A straightened, narrow borderland
Between the living and the dead;
Low at thy feet are wrecks of earth
Cast by the sea in cruel mirth
Upon the shore, above the birth
Of life around thy crowned head.

V.

Thy ear is tuned to angel songs,
And while the chant or hymn prolongs
The earthly music, from afar
Comes passion-full the song that broke
In gladness, when the watchers spoke
Of Bethlehem—the strain which woke
The bright, melodious morning star.

VI.

Thine eye can pierce beyond the ken
Of self-taught seer or simple men,
For by thy faith to thee 'tis given
To scan at once earth's deepest woe—
The horrors of the depths below—
To raise the penitent, and show
The beacons on the hills of heaven.

VII.

Thy muse is wedded to the lore
Of sacred things; while o'er and o'er
The storied visions thronging come.
Both sweet and sad—a living train—
There lonely Mizpah guards her slain,
And dying on the battle plain
Is David's lovely Absalom.

VIII.

From Adam's fall to crowning day,
When love eternal held full sway
O'er passion's hour on calvary's cross,
The struggling hopes, the rending fears,
The anguish, joy, the love and tears—
The burden of those fateful years
Speak but to thee of gain or loss.

IX.

Thy heart has learned in every state
To yield thyself to Him, and wait
Till triumph bans the chastening rod.
And when this earthly house is spurned,
Thy face toward endless youth is turned,
Thou shalt pass over—thou hast learned
The potent shibboleth of God.

Like some staunch ship with sails unfurled
That rights her compass by a star,
We pass beyond the outer bar
To bear a cargo to the world.

A VISIT

To the old-time neighbors we went to-day,
Dorothy, Ruth and I.
We called on our cousins, of course in play,
And paid our respects in the proper way—
You all know the "how" and the "why."

We went in the street car—Dorothy's cab—
And I was conductor, you see,
And motorman, too, but a kiss for each fare
And a chance for some hugging—their ma didn't care—
Was a treat for a fellow like me.

But the way proved a long one, the car was slow,
The motorman groaned in despair.
But the passengers smiled and enjoyed it, of course,
While the rules of the company weren't in force
(The conductor doubled the fare.)

SONG

A bright star shines out in the sky
  I see its splendor and rejoice.
Without, is light upon my way,
  Within, a monitory voice.

No star is in the low-hung sky,
  I fear the dark, and feel the sin.
A voice without comes from on high
  And light illumines all within.

AUTUMN MOOD

[*Translated from the German of Paul Gerok.*]

Weary grows the sunshine,
  Pale light in the sky;
Dreams the somber meadow
  Of a joy gone by.

Loosens from the rose stalk—
  All companions gone—
Full of age and tranquil,
  One pale leaf alone.

Streaks of golden colors
  Creep o'er hill and wood;
Even death and dying
  Seemeth to be good.

TO WINTER

March to the sound of the south wind a-blowing;
  March to the sound in the evergreen tree.
Quick step and forward for cattle are lowing,
  And down in the mead are the birds piping free.

Keep double time to the fresh-loosened fountain,
  Shoulder your icicles, brave though you be,
Lay your last siege to the pines on the mountain,
  Storming retreat to the cold northern sea.

Over your dead spread a white tent-like cover,
  Make your last camp on our hills and our plains.
Whistle a death-march and sigh when all's over;
  Then off to the regions where Boreas reigns.

AFTERSWEETS

I.

Livid the lightnings flash,
  Elements deep in pain
Groan and struggle and clash,
  Through the long, long night of rain.

Pearls on the grass dark green,
  Morning serene again.
Sunshine and song and sheen
  After a night of rain.

II.

Sleepless the eyes unclose,
  Fateful the gloom appears;
A reclining without repose
  Through the long, long night of tears.

Honey upon the lips
  Sweetening the cup of fears.
Love at her goblet sips
  After a night of tears.

THE BURDOCK

One old burdock stands within
My fruit garden, kept with care.
Would you know why, like one sin,
I have left it standing there?

Not for beauty. See the clown,
Awkward, scraggy, incomplete;
Ill-proportioned up and down,
What a menace, what a cheat!

Not for fruitage. All the showers
In the bounteous clouds of Spring;
Summer's fruit-compelling hours,
Could not compass such a thing.

Yes, for beauty, not its own,
But for that of other days
Which itself and it alone
Conjures from those pleasant ways;

Ways and days of childhood's grace
How with thee the thought recurs,
At her bidding for a vase
I, O burdock, plucked thy burrs.

Yes, for fruitage. All my life
Bears the impress of that day;
New-born hopes within were rife,
For them I am rich alway.

Ceres guard and nourish thee,
Burdock, scrawny though thou art,
For whate'er thou lendest me,
Fruit and beauty of the heart.

THE WRECK

[*Adapted from Beecher's Wreck of the Arctic.*]

She was a staunch and gallant sail
That left fair Britain's shore.
Smoothly she swept before the gale,
Proud of the freight she bore.

Blue waters eddied 'round her keel,
And rolled back from her prow.
The sunlight on her shining deck
Shone ne'er more fair than now.

Westward she turned, care lay on hearts
On that bright autumn day
Light as the mist upon the hills
Where England, distant, lay!

All homeward bound, and every heart
Beats to its fancies dear
Of hopes, and home, of old-time joys,
Once far, but drawing near.

At morn Te Deums upward rose
From unseen altars there;
And sailors, rough, now murmured o'er
Some long forgotten prayer.

At eve the vesper hymn was sung,
Deep voices filled the gloam,
And childhood's sweet notes mingled in:
"I'm one day nearer home."

Misty one morn shone on the deck,
Misty the sun went down.
Among the streamers on the mast
Black midnight seemed to frown.

A form stood at that vessel's helm;
Unseen, unheard, unfelt.
Whose gloating eye ranged o'er the group,
Where man and woman knelt.

He took no part in prayer or praise;
He uttered not a breath.
Yet o'er that fated multitude
Was kept the watch of death.

GUARDED

The banshee wails at the window sill
And her moan is on the breeze,
But life keeps tune to a higher will
And the voice of God decrees.

The witch hag mutters and casts her spell
And smites on the earth her rod.
But the spell on men we know full well
Is a touch from the hand of God.

Grim Doubt stalks up and down the ways
And into each heart he slips;
He would plant a lie, but his tongue he stays,
With the finger of God on his lips.

TRUANTS

Two little topers in gold and brown
  Drunken as sots on the wine of bloom,
Drinking the while the sun went down,
  Leaving the world in a summer gloom;

Said one little toper, "We're out too late,
  'Twould be safer we stayed in some nearby place,
Than to meet the folks in this terrible state;
  It would be to their shame and our lasting
    disgrace."

Said the other toper, "Your word is true."
  To his already snoozing and addled mate.
"I couldn't get home if I wanted to."
  And he echoed the thought, "It is getting late."

Then they dozed and slept in a dizzy swoon
  All night, and only the stars shone down—
For this occurred in the dark of the moon—
  On two little topers in gold and brown.

But the sun rose full on his Clytia fair—
  A large sunflower all fringed with gold—
And startled from out their stupor there
  Two little bees. Now my story is told.

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST

I.

By the river of death we sat silent
  Down where the deep waters flow,
Not a star in that dread rolling current
  Reflected a bright hopeful glow.

II.

By the river of death we sat weeping
  Down where the green willows grow,
While the tide on the brow of our darling
  Too well marked its ebb and its flow.

III.

By the river of death we sat hoping,
  And hours and days slowly passed,
And wondered with tears what the message
  The boatman would bring us at last.

IV.

O'er the river of death came the boatman,
  We shrunk at the splash of his oar;
In the darkness he, clasping our treasure,
  Embarked for the far, unseen shore.

V.

O river of death, rolling river!
  How often thy turbulent tide
Has beat on our shores, and forever
  Swept jewels away from our side!

VI.

O river of death, tranquil river!
  The bound to our tear-dimmed sight
Our barks on thy bosom shall quiver,
  And enter the harbor of light.

"THINE IS THE KINGDOM"

I.

"Thine is the kingdom," all these trees
  Of winter, leafless and alone,
  From which the birds have southward flown,
Shall feel again the summer breeze.

II.

For spring shall seek this northern clime,
  And buds shall swell in April rain,
  And birds returned, shall build again
Upon these boughs in nesting time.

III.

Thine is the kingdom of the sea.
  Thou walkest on the beaten track
  And nations, fearful, turning back,
Turn back to death from hope and thee.

IV.

Thine is the kingdom of the sea.
  Thou walkest o'er the ocean plain,
  And nations following in thy train,
Touch all the isles and make them free.

V.

Thine is the kingdom of the air.
  The cloud and mote are in thy hand.
  The stars go out at thy command,
Or suns are brilliant everywhere.

VI.

Thine are all kingdoms. O'er thy foes
  Thou leadest men in ways unknown.
  Mysterious ways are all thine own,
Men choose or no, thou dost dispose.

VII.

Men follow glimmerings of the dawn—
The dim, far streaks that faintly glow
Upon their own horizon low—
And know not thou dost lead them on.

VIII.

They think themselves the master force
That saves a state, or guides a wheel.
Believing self, they cannot feel
That thou art marking out their course.

IX.

Thine are all kingdoms and shall be,
Though men, though nations long delay
To meet thine own appointed way,
They may not keep thine own from thee.

X.

Thine is the kingdom of the soul.
Thou hoverest over dream and prayer.
Thou makest barren lives to bear,
Thou makest imperfection whole.

XI.

Thine are all kingdoms neath the sun.
They wax and wane within thy hand;
They mingle blood and creed and sand,
And thou shalt leaven them in one.

CORN PONE

I mind it yit—that Johnny cake
Wich only Jess's maw could bake.
Jess was a neighbor boy of yore
Who fought an' lied an' sometimes swore.

But spite his failin's, Jess was good,
And show his goodness? Bet he could!
For after school he'd allus trade
Me some that pone his mother made.

He had a hankerin' well I knew
For what I was indifferent to;
His pone was mine if I jus' said:
"I'll give you applebutter bread."

Jess was a Yankee, I was Dutch,
A thing that never figgered much
One way or tother, only he
Would gen'ly git the best o' me.

But if his pone was mostly small—
Jess always did have lots o' gall—
It tasted boss, and bet your head,
It beat the applebutter bread.

Then every crumb had such a taste
Of sweetness 'twouldn't do to waste.
Each chawed his "piece" with grim content;
Each face showed where the slices went.

I wisht them days would come agin
With Jess, and pone, and fight throwed in.
I'd take his pone an' sort o' dread
To jus' give applebutter bread.

THE RAINBOW

Born in a summer cloud—
    Halo ethereal.
Wrapped in a misty shroud—
    Beauty imperial.
Soft tints that warm and glow,
Bright shades that come and go,
Linking with earth below
    Splendors aerial.

Painted by hands unseen,
    Sacred and shriven.
Spirits that move between
    Earthland and heaven.
Promise it aye shall be,
Promise to thee and me,
Aye to eternity
    God's care is given.

DEVOTION

By Scotia's lovely murmuring stream,
In fragrant southern land,
Where sunny skies forever beam
Down on the golden sand;

There, Scotia, by thy murmuring stream
Fair Ellen makes her bower.
Her life the memory of a dream
Through every lonely hour.

Thy waters sparkle at her feet,
Thy music, soft and low,
Invites her timid heart to beat
To songs of long ago.

Sweet Scotia, by this limpid stream
A stranger passed along
In days gone by, his eye agleam,
And on his lips a song.

He met a maid unspoiled and free,
She met a man of fame.
She treasures love and longing, he
Remembers but a name.

A MOOD

I look across the rolling, grass-green meadows,
Where shade and shine alike each other chase,
The south wind blows the waving clover,
A trembling, misty warmth pervades all space.
June holds high carnival and incense rare
Rises from the glad earth upon the air.

What vague perspectives fill the dreamy mind
Of castles old, in distance dim, that rise
From out the ivied moats and ruins, shrined
By altars seamed and gray, whose incense mounts
the skies.

To dizzy heights the distant mountains tower,
And cast their lengths into the deeps below
Where limpid depths of waters ebb and flow,
And rock on heaving breast the stars at midnight
hour.

Then, visions of the lands beyond life's setting;
Lands where no mortal feet have ever trod
The vales of rapture, where this earthly fretting
Is lost in innocence, and childhood's magic God.

The voiceless mystery of things supernal,
The space unfathomed, countless years that roll
The weight of an eternity upon the soul,
This is exquisite sorrow, deep, eternal.

THE WAY OF ALL THE EARTH

"The way of all the earth." Sadly we hear
These words pronounced. The unavailing tear
Falls fast and long above the lowly bier.
Ambition crushed; fond hopes now withered lie,
And as the wreaths which only bloom to fade,
So are they gathered reverently and laid
With those whom Providence has called to die.

"The way of all the earth." How far that way
Which travelers take when fades this mortal day?
Whence is their light, what bright, celestial ray
Lights those far realms where stars shall never
burn?
What hope is theirs within that wide domain?
What is our loss, what their eternal gain,
When they are gone, ah, never to return?

"The way of all the earth." Since Eden's crime
All that partakes of life, in age or prime,
Shall taste of death, until the end of time.
Yet from the very dust on which we tread
Springs life—an emblem of what is to be
In that near, closing time, when we
Shall know and greet the living from the dead.

THE WINTERGREEN

Choicest of things that forth are peeping,
Lured by the March days' warmth and sheen—
Of the mosses, and crocus, and wild things
creeping—
Is the bonnie wintergreen.
Emblem of life. One cannot but love it,
Holding its colors unfading, serene,
Like to the larch and the pine tree above it,
Is the winsome wintergreen.

JOB'S THANATOPSIS—Job 3:13—20

Perish, day of birth and sorrow,
Come the grave where all are blest.
"There the wicked cease from troubling,
There the weary be at rest."

I would sleep with kings and princes,
And with counselors the best,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

"There the prisoners rest together,"
There the weary rest in peace.
From the toils of the oppressor,
Slave and prisoner find release.

There the rich who built waste places,
Princes there make no bequest.
"There the wicked cease from troubling,
There the weary be at rest."

There the small and great are gathered,
There, are man and master one;
There, the master ceases troubling,
And the servant's work is done.

There the small and great are gathered,
Infants, from the mother's breast,
Careless of the songs above them,
Dream the years away in rest.

"There the wicked cease from troubling."
Snares of youth, the old man's fear,
Life's unresting, ardent longing
Burden not the sleeper here.

Come, O peace, serene and quiet,
Come, O sleep of Heaven blest;
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

FOR THE NEW YEAR—Psalm 90:2

[*Translated from the German of Paul Gerok.*]

For this new year our ancient **Father,**
Whose mighty arms the worlds uphold!
Who has his own since days long buried
On wings of eagles safely carried,
Let him the future ways unfold;
For this new year our ancient Father,
Whose mighty arms the worlds uphold.

For this new year a special blessing,
Out of God's springs are waters born.
Be happy and rejoice, ye creatures,
Soon will the meadow's barren features
Be changed to gold with wheat and corn;
For each new year a special blessing,
From founts of God are showers born.

For this new year the old-time sorrows,
Not yet is come the jubilee,
Still up the pilgrim mountain toiling
In sun and rain, yet not recoiling,
Still must we battle to be free.
For this new year the old-time sorrows,
Not yet is come the jubilee.

For this new year a hope eternal,
For earth shall clothe her form in green;
The lark will come with April showers,
And May will nurse her opening flowers,
And joy shall blossom forth serene;
For this new year a hope eternal,
For earth shall clothe herself in green.

For this new year the faith of ages,
We conquer only by this sign;
God speed ye in the proven highways,
Unfurl his flag in court and byways,
Our standard be the Christ divine;
For this new year the faith of ages,
We conquer only by this sign.

For this new year a heart forgiven,
A new leaf in the book of life,
Erased be every dark transgression,
Let evil no more hold possession,
And perish curse and perish strife!
For this new year a heart forgiven
A new leaf in the book of life.

The reeds along the lake are still,
Or gently sigh in summer breeze.
Until the winter winds are shrill
And leafless stand the trees.

II.

So oft the voice of him who woos
Is mute beneath love's warmer sky.
And silent is the dreaming muse
Till all the flowers die.

III.

When winds are shifting to the north
I hear the wild geese in the night.
Long-armed, November's wind goes forth
And strikes his chords with might.

IV.

Then through the reed though harsh the sound,
A soul finds ecstasy in song;
And sings for ears anear the ground,
When winter winds are strong.

V.

A restless soul moves through the way
Of earth, unhoused, creative, free.
It seeks a form by which it may
Give voice to melody.

VI.

What cares it though the music be
From reed or bittern, lark or quail,
Or harp Æolian in the tree,
Or brook, or nightingale.

VII.

Some hearts are touched by rustic Pan.
Some ears are tuned for woodland note.
So let the rushes, if they can,
Find tongue, and song, and throat.

CHILDHOOD

Welcome, Night, the fresh dews bringing
On the clover meadows far;
In the woodland birds are singing
Sweetly to the evening star.
Evening star, that up in Heaven,
Like a lamp hung in the dome,
Beams so brightly down on earthland,
Beams, a beacon light of home.
  Faintly nature's voices call;
Lightly, darkening shadows fall;
Come, my weary heart, and rest thee,
Rest thee while the shadows fall.

Welcome, Night, for sweet are slumbers
Deep, entrancing is the dream;
Dream of life, in circling numbers,
Life which evermore doth seem
Never ending, onward tending
Toward the firmament on high,
Joy of age and childhood blending
With the bright hope of the sky.
  Fancy's voices faintly call;
Hear the waters as they fall!
Into the shoreless seas where, joyful,
We shall cast our burdens all.

Welcome, Night, thy dreams shall ever
Call a being into view,
Gorgeous with springtime flowers
Honied by the morning dew.
Innocent and happy maiden
Singing in her hours of glee,

Treading paths with perfume laden
Fairest of the fair is she.
  Sweetly now I hear her call;
How her young heart gladdens all!
Peace, O throbbing heart, and rest thee,
Rest thee where no shadows fall.

Light of home! O what a childhood
Mirrored in those eyes I see
There an angel hand has graven
Deep, unfathomed mystery.
Fondly now those darkened tresses
Are caressed by light winds free;
All adore, but no one guesses
What her future life may be.
  In her soul those longings call,
On her ear strange accents fall.
Hush, O heart, be still and rest thee,
Rest thee while those accents fall.

Welcome dreams, for voices call her
From a dim, uncertain shore,
Where a glory will enthrall her
Growing brighter evermore.
Turning from the toys of childhood
Which she holds within her hand,
In her heart a wild, sweet music—
Echoes from an unseen land.
  Years have music. How they call!
Strangely hear their cadence fall,
In the heart which now is resting,
Sweetly where no shadows fall.

Ah! she hears those mystic voices;
In her eyes a new light gleams
And a longing dimly mingles
With the quiet of her dreams.
O 'tis womanhood that beckons
To the child among the flowers,
Using all her arts; she reckons
Not those youthful, love-blessed hours.
"Come to me," her constant call.
"Come, let not those toys enthrall,
Come, dear heart, and fondly rest thee
In a woman's palace hall."

Can it be the lonely sighing
Of the idle, wanton breeze?
Or perhaps a lone bird singing
Note by note among the trees.
Can it be the brook is lisping,
As it eddies on its way,
Of bright pebbles, meads and sunshine
It shall greet some future day?
  Do not other voices call?
Will those inspirations pall?
No, for Nature does her wooing
Where birds sing and waters fall.

THE FOREST

Stern, massive, dark; its leafless branches tossed
Up to the sky in many-pointed spires,
Stands the old forest, its foliage beauty lost,
Dead in its veins seem now the potent fires.
Large, small, the serfs, the knightly seers,
Their somber vigils keep
O'er ashes of the long forgotten years.

Oft have I wandered in its spacious realms,
And sought and found and wondered at its lore.
It hath a thousand tongues and does repeat
The things which have been, and those yet before,
And in the tales thus whispered here
The listening soul can grasp
The omnipotence of Him who guides this sphere.

Death is a theme, for all around are strewn
The remnants of a race once strong in power,
Mingling with earth, and giving ample room
For that which falls within the coming hour,
Not one so high but he must be brought low
By the Destroyer's hand,
Never to rise while ages come and go.

Yet there are other and far loftier themes,
That bring a joy and cast reproach on Death.
Go with me when the garb of Spring is seen,
And hear the joyous notes of Spring's full breath,
Life holds his energy in toils,
And is crowned king,
Renewed from Death and nourished by his spoils.

Oft have the Summer's lingering hours found
In me—beneath the cool sequestered shade—
A mute, enchanted lover of the strains
Poured from the forest's harp-strings, which were laid
In tribute at the shrine of thought,
While Fancy's interlude
Increased tenfold the joy elsewhere unsought.

At eventide when storm-clouds upward roll,
I stand by oaks that have for ages stood;
Their swaying topmost branches seem to join
Their chords—a universal brotherhood.
An anthem to the highest rolls
Along the summit grandly,
While the depth hears in silence and extols.

Deep as the "sea's undying baritone,"
Louder and grander flows the heightened strain,
Till, spent, it lowers to a long-drawn moan,
And thence returns to wonted sighs again;
Thus, in each mighty breath to pour
Praise to the infinite,
And swell for buried dead a requiem evermore.

Oh, were there but reality in death—
The sleep that knows no passion—it were peace
To the departing soul, passing from earth,
To sleep in forest glade, where never cease
The voices of the past, and seem
To blend with visions sweet,
The cradle-hymn and night song of a dream.

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